

Halo Halcyon End

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Summary: Would would have happened if the Covenant had won? What would the galaxy be like if Earth had fallen? Halo Halcyon End is an alternate universe story, taking place far in this dark future.

## 1. Chapter 1

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The armor of the small shuttle glinted in the slightly blue sunlight of the Amaraes System. It was a drift; its engines had detonated after pulling out of hyperspace. The crew of the Centurion was taking no chances though. They had been through far too much to screw up now.

The Admiral stood at the center of the bridge, his hands moving across the holographic tactical display with a speed that could only come from years of experience. He shifted the view multiple times, looking for Covenant ships that would be using the ship as a distraction.

"Sensors, switch the view to long range."

Immediately the holographic display doubled in size, and the ship became a small green dot with a label on the screen. The space was automatically displayed in cubes, using the ship as the center of the grid. Fleets would use the command ship as the center of the grids, and all locations were relative to the ship. Space was far too large to "graph", it was much easier to define the battle space on a case-by-case basis.

There were several green dots on the map now, signifying the scout fighters. Each one extended the range of the ship's sensors. There were several brown dots as well, signifying objects with no Electrical signal. Their course was plotted on the map, as well as the flight paths of the scout fighters.

The Admiral pressed the gold and blue piece in his ear, and used the neural circuits to open a channel to the scout fighters.

"Blackbird 1 and 2. Intercept Course, Undesirable 1. See if you can get a good look at it."

The fighters acknowledged through the channel and soon the yellow lines of their projected courses switched to intercept the Purple dot on the map. The dot had no electrical signal they could detect, but it was high in man-made polymers. Polymers used only on UNSC ships showed up like this.

Soon they were too close to the ship to show up as separate dots on the long-range map. He touched the map with his hand and turned it clockwise, zooming in the display. Soon the two green dots, signifying Blackbird 1 and 2, closed in on the ship. They stopped. The Admiral checked all incoming radio signals. None were coming from Blackbird 1 or 2.

"Blackbird 1 and 2, status," he spoke calmly into his earpiece. He considered calm to be one of the most important things an Admiral could have.

The Blackbirds responded a couple of seconds later, "Sir— it's a Spartan."

## 2. Chapter 2

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### Chapter 2

The Spartan's green armor glinted in the blue light of the systems only sun. Scientists had long been at a loss to explain the blue color, and their priorities had shifted to more immediate needs once it was determined that the star produced no more radiation than Earth's Sun. At that point, settlers had been moved in to occupy the Amaraes System's only habitable planet, a dry, and desert world much younger than Earth. However, it had very fertile soil, and stable weather. If you could get past the almost constant earth quakes.

The Spartan chuckled slightly as he thought about it. It was funny how many terms still used the word Earth or Sun, even after Humanity had spread far from Earth. Even more humorous now that Earth had been lost.

When he had first been found, he was debriefed. Which is to say interrogated. They questioned him about all number of things, and they fretted endlessly about whether or not the Covenant had followed him from Salius, one of the last Human strongholds, before it too fell. He did not understand their concern. One day or another, the Covenant would find this small shelter they had created in the Amaraes System. Ever since the Covenant had been reformed, they were relentless in their quest to hunt down the rest of Humanity.

Pulling his mind back to the present, he looked down at the brown and blue planet below him. He almost sighed.

Now, after so many years of hiding, they had found it. A single Covenant CSS Class Battle Cruiser had plotted a course to this backwater world. And even if they were on a standard scouting mission, they could be sure that it would send a message and bring help later.

Even one cruiser would be more than enough to destroy the rag tag fleet that had been assembled over the years. The Centurion, a marathon class cruiser of the same design as its famous cousin, the Pillar of Autumn, led the defense. 4 destroyers, carrying compliments of standard high yield warheads and a few nuclear weapons, assisted the Centurion. Most of the nuclear weapons had been decommissioned and redesigned to serve as nuclear power plants for the world below.

"A lot of good that'll do them now," grumbled the Spartan. He agreed that the odds were in favor of the Covenant. But the UNSC had a Spartan.

The Admiral walked up to him. He had aged a lot since he had first met the Spartan. The constant possibility of Covenant discovery had taken its toll on him. What was left of his hair was a very pale white and his face was wrinkled. But he still had the aura of command, and more importantly, his calm in battle.

"What do you think," asked the Admiral.

"That's not my job," retorted the Spartan, "but if it was I'd safely say that we're screwed."

"My thoughts exactly," replied the Admiral.

He looked down through the huge clear polymer windows to the world below. So much had been lost. The centurion was there as Earth fell. He and his ship had been forced to jump out of the system. A destroyed ship was absolutely no use to the UNSC. Certainly not one as valuable as the Centurion. However, in the fight the ships computers had been completely knocked out. All data had been lost. Including coordinates of all the systems the UNSC knew about. They had jumped blind after that and had eventually evacuated a small colony world. They had jumped blind again and had ended up at Amaraes. No one knew anything of what had happened to the UNSC. And not many wanted to know.

The Admiral shifted his view from the planet below them to the stars above. There were very few. Scientists from the abandoned colony world theorized that they had jumped to a remote part of the Mikly Way. Far from the Covenant. And far from the Flood. They had been extremely lucky.

And now that the Covenant had showed up on their doorstep. That meant the Covenant had won, or the Covenant had lost and was looking for somewhere remote to run too. Neither possibility was particularly good for the humans. But, either way, they weren't going to take this world without a fight.

"Can you help?" the admiral asked gruffly.

"I could," he paused to consider it, "but I'd need some supplies."

"Take whatever you need."

the Spartan had begun to make his way to the exit of the bridge, "But this had better be good! Ranin, escort the Spartan and make sure he gets whatever he needs."

"Yes sir," replied a redheaded Corporal manning the logistics station. Another crewmember quickly took over his post as he made his way to the exit with the Spartan.

"Were you really at Salius?" Asked the Corporal quickly before he could lose his courage. It was not that Corporal Ranin was a coward, but a Spartan could be a very imposing figure. They were in one of the ship's many elevators that transported crew between vital areas of the ship. When the ship was boarded, these elevators were immediately shut down. Lights from the utilitarianly designed elevator shaft passed through the bars on the opening of the elevator, casting contrasting light and dark on the Spartan. The effect made him look even more imposing.

"Yes," the Spartan said solemnly.

The Corporal was obviously hoping for more, but the Spartan had no interest in continuing. Soon after, the elevator came to a stop, eliminating the Corporal's chances of asking another question, and the two men walked into the engineering section. The Chief Engineer had been notified they were coming and saluted as soon as they had cleared the elevator.

"Chief Engineer McAllister," he saluted, "pleased to meet you sir."

The Spartan did not return his salute.

The Chief Engineer continued a little unsurely, he had been thrown off his balance by the lack of a response.

"What can I do for you?" He continued on doggedly.

"I need part of the hull." The Spartan said it not as a request, but a fact.

The Engineer gave him a stunned look, and looked to the Corporal. The Corporal gave him a "you'd better do what he says" look and McAllister turned back to the Spartan.

"How much do you need?" He said, still taken a back from the Spartan's odd request.

"6 by 6 feet."

The Engineer was still stunned.

"If you don't mind me asking sir," the Engineer asked a little unsurely, "what are you going to be doing with a piece of my ship? Surfing?"

"In a manner of speaking," the Spartan retorted.

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